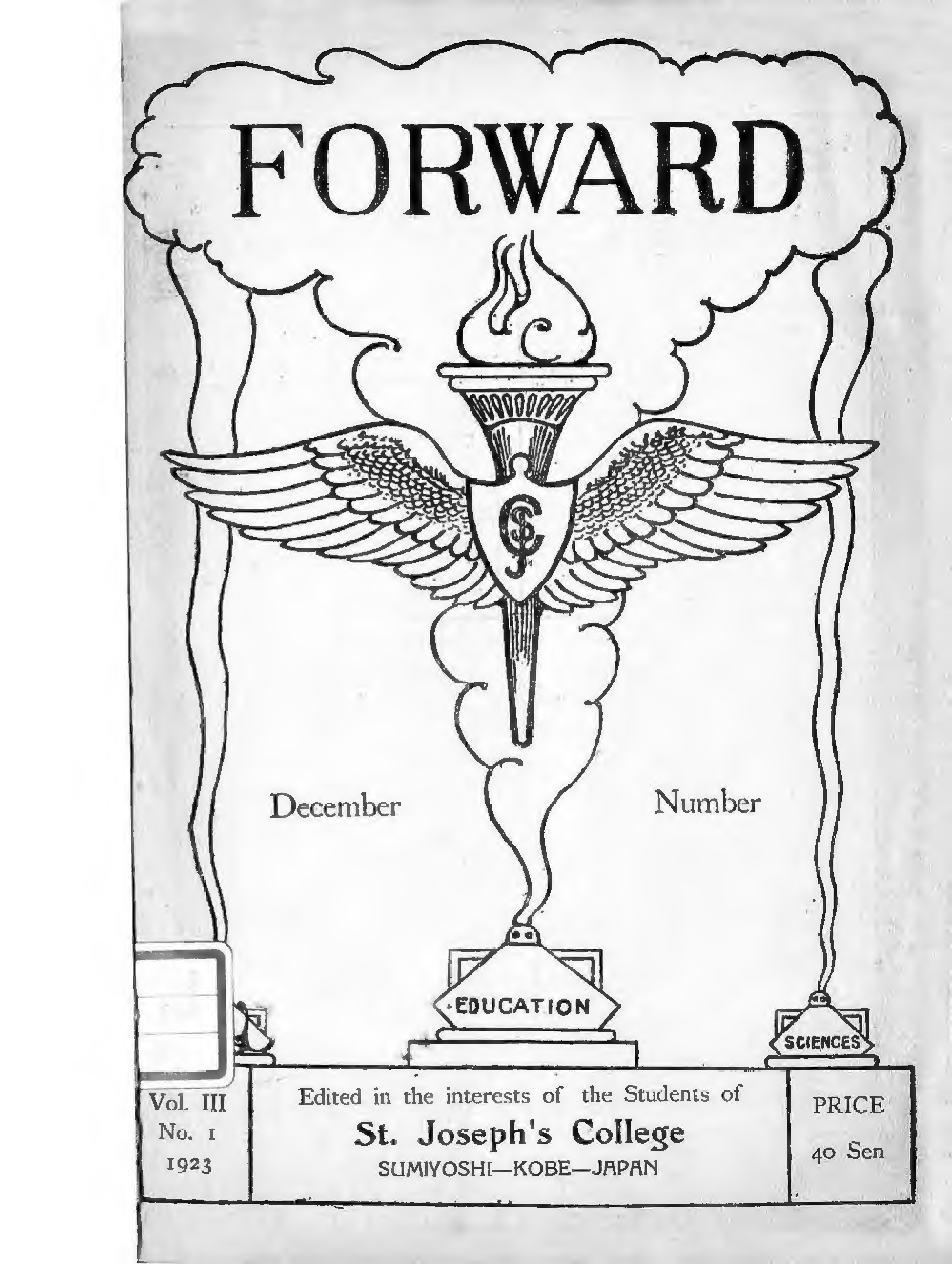

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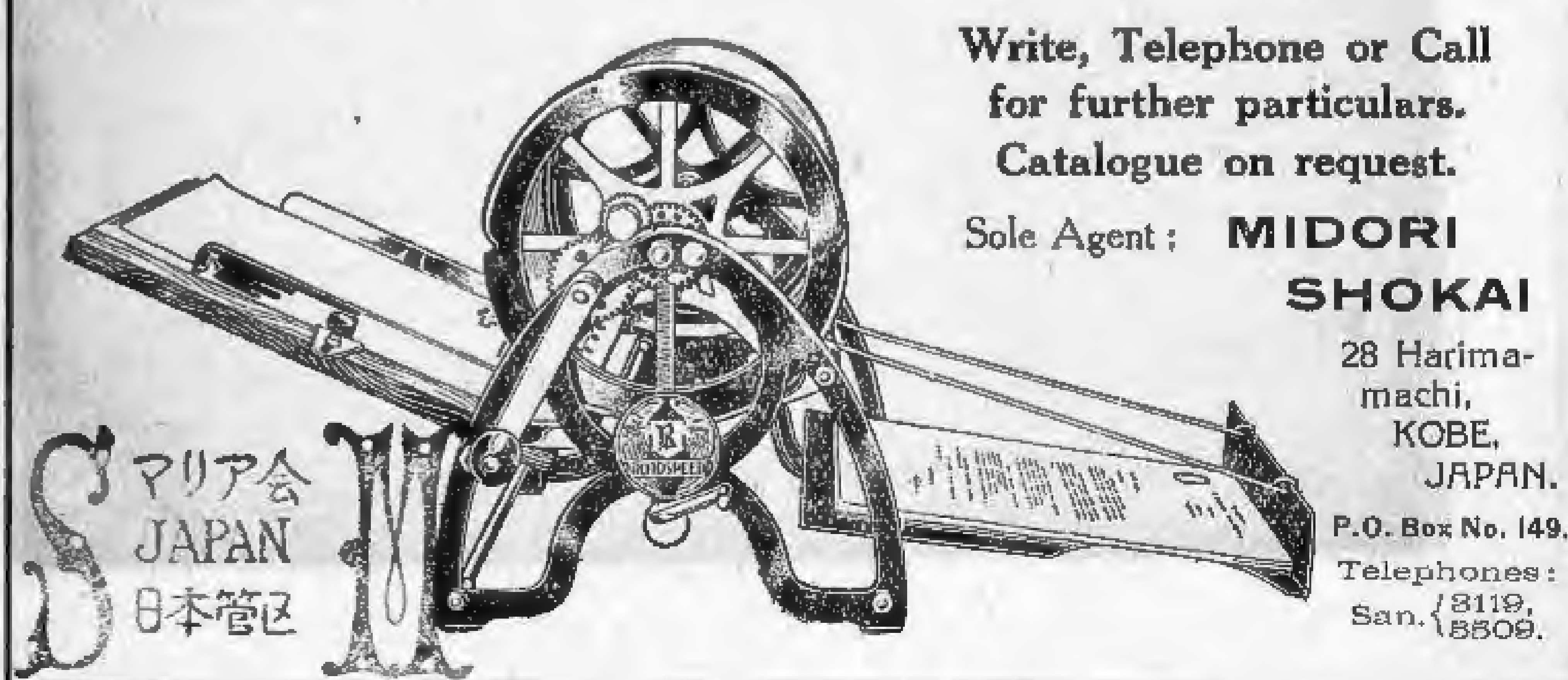
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Sumiyoshi, Kobe.

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LITERARY

THE TRIUMPH OF FATE.

How many vigorous young men, how how many patient and useful women have been killed in the great earthquake! How many aged people, whose taper of life, sputtering in the last drops of existence, how many of these have seen their last of this world of sorrows. How many helpless innocent children, who were destined to be the glory of their nation, children who were destined to become upright men and women, men and women true to their God and the country of their ancestors, have met an untimely death in the great cataclysm! Late in the afternoon, some time after the earthquake, the sky which had been like a pure jem of sapphire, now changed into a dull dark color. Now and then right in the midst of the thick columns of smoke, ruddy flames of fire shot upwards. Gradually mingling with the darkness of the coming twilight, the sky was shadowed by a dirty auburn clowd of smoke. It became redder and ruddier, the dull hue turned into fierce crimson flames advancing with alarming rapidity.

Nor was this the worst. On the opposite side, another uncontrollable fire had started. The terrified crowds rushing from the east were now stopped by the flames from the west. More luried grew the skies until the whole was a mass of scarlet...

Caught by a beam of wood upon her ankle, a tender maiden was crying helplessly in her fears; the flames from opposite sides came roaring on and the houses around, already half collapsed, crumbled down. The heat became unbearable. Her father had left early in the morning to work; her mother had gone out just before the earthquake to buy some dainties for her daughter.

Just as the flames were going to close in upon the maiden, her mother came in sight. But, alas, too late; between her and her daughter was an inpenetrable mass of burning houses.

The roaring flames seemed for an instant to form into the slim figure of Fate, who with trembling hands, was urging Death on to his merciless work.

Fear and anguish, dark despair
Increased with each opposing glare;
Fate and death stood hand in hand,
Complete destruction o'er the land.

Burning flames like demon's breaths
Had caused ten thousand awful deaths.
Fierce the roar, and fierce the glow,
Sad the blast that's moaning low.

The hapless mother, hearing the last faint sobs of her daughter, was pushed backwards, further and further away, until the flames covered the fallen house, the awful tomb of the suffering child, with a burning mass of wood as a coffin; whilst inexorable Death and malicious Fate looked on with cruel and triumphant eyes, the result of their dark and hedious deed.

A. d'Aquino '25.

IN QUEST OF HONOR.

A long time ago, about the year 1885, a little child was born, the son and only heir of a veteran soldier. He was brought up on his mother's knees, full of health and happiness; his father filled his head with stories of past wars and great deeds done by soldiers. These tales of adventure soon created in him a desire for honor, and ever since he was five years of age, he was con-

IN MEMORIAM

Those beaming eyes are closed, to look no more
Upon the School she loved; and stilled those lips
That ever breathed a word of cheer for us.
Her hands no more shall busy be—no more
Alas! We called her "Mother" boys, and well
We did; what other word can half express
Our child-like gratitude, our love, our praise.
She was, "A blossom born to blush unseen;"
The blighting hand of death that blossom plucked,
Yet left behind the fragrance of her deeds.
We'll miss her at the Races, boys; at Christmas
Tide, "There'll be one vacant chair." Our "Mother", boys.
We'll miss her on St. Joseph's festal day.



"Three Starry Crowns", remember, boys, she weaved
For us, not quite a year ago. "Will any
Stars adorn my crown?" No doubt she mused.
But Heaven's ways are not the ways of man,
And angel hands unseen, had all but formed
Her crown—and now the final star is placed,
And her's a better crown than e'er she made.
Submissive to the will of God let's bow
And with a living hope let's breathe a prayer
Unto God's throne, for "Mother Worden", boys.

W.A.

Ruins St. Joseph's College, Yokohama.





1. Main Building View from West.
2. New School House
3. General View from South East.

tinuously in quest of deeds which he could perform. But at last he succeeded, when in 1916 the United States declared war against Germany.

For months the papers had been full of the heroic acts and daring deeds of the French and English soldiers in "No Man's Land", so when the declaration of war was made, all the ambitious men having a desire to serve their country and home, enlisted in the army. Among the first mighty body of men who entered into the government's pay, was Jack Young; for such was our hero's name. Scarcely had the first note for help died out, when he was ready to do his bit as a citizen of the United States, and within two months he was seen in France with the first American troops.

Here commenced the hard training of a soldier's life. Many a day storms rose and tore down tents and huts, causing the rain to flood the once dust covered roads and turn them into muddy forbidding swamps. Sometimes his company was ordered into the third line of trenches to get used to the whizzing of the bullets, and the whistle and the loud explosions of shells.

One day early in May the battalion was ordered out for a night attack. Scarcely had they crawled out of their trench, when the whole sky was illuminated by a strong light which made the surrounding country as bright as day, but it lasted only for a few seconds. The brave men knew at once that they were detected, so like one man they charged down upon their hidden foe, with a hoarse yell. Among the leading soldiers was Jack, rushing down upon his enemies. Close in front of him was the captain with his revolver in one hand, running as well as he could over the rugged ground, right into the hail of bullets. All around him, his brave men were falling; nevertheless he continued. At last he was hit through the neck and when he fell he was unconscious. Jack seeing his leader fall soon came up to him and as his comrades passed him, he picked up the half dead man and carried him back towards the trenches, but unluckily a stray bullet hit him on the hip, rendering him incapable of walking. Putting all his strength in a last effort, he succeeded in reaching the trench, but later when his comrades came back from their bloody work they found him unconscious.

A few months later when he was himself again, a letter was brought to him, requesting him to report at headquarters. With a flushed countenance and trembling hands he appeared before his superior, expecting a severe talking for not continuing the charge with the rest of the company; but to his surprise before he knew anything, his right hand was being used as a pump handle, vigorously operated by the captain of the company. Soon after it was explained that for saving captain Howard from certain death, he had won the Legion of Honor, which brought a blush to his handsome face. At last his ambition was realized and his cup of joy overflowed when he was made 2nd lieutenant of the old company.

R. Cox '25

NATURE'S WONDERS

As I walked along enjoying the wonders of nature, a most beautiful scene attracted my attention. Before me lay a large stretch of calm waters surrounded by many small marshes. Way to the rear, shone against the setting sun the dark green firs and pines fading into the yellow of the dying oaks.

On coming a little nearer, the last rays of the sun could be seen piercing through the dusky branches of the pines. There was a golden mistiness in the air which changed the scarlet into a drowsy red. The place was scented with the sweet perfume of pines and firs, that stood erect against the skyline. Here and there in prominent colors, the leaves of the maples swayed about. From their branches the tree-toad began its plaintive call of coming night.

In front of the forest lay the calm blue

waters that still kept a little of the crimson that had colored the sky. Swimming about in it were the many lively-colored birds taking their last dip before retiring to their nests, while a few steps away a lanky heron flapped past me, a grotesque shape against the dull red of the western horizon. On passing the marshes, the frogs commenced their deep-throated chorus, sounding their last songs of farewell.

A QUAKE INCIDENT.

A mob behaves like a wild beast; it has the instincts of a beast and follows them blindly. Nothing more irresponsible or rather unreasonable than an enraged mob. History repeats itself; the horrors of the French Revolution mobs, of the Soviet mobs; of the K.K.K. mobs; yes, those very horrors we saw in Yokohama, not four months ago.

I was walking pensively near the Negishi tunnel, wondering what the world was coming to. The ruined city lay at my feet; suddenly my attention was drawn to a crowd of young men chasing a helpless Korean.

The Chosenese's face was lit up with a weird look of morbid horrors. The so-called vigilants, or rather the infuriated mob, were armed with bamboo spears, iron bars, swords, and, even beer bottles. In a few minutes they caught their prey, so I hurried to the spot.

The vigilants were about to pounce upon their victim when the commanding voice of the leader stopped them. Although in the jaws of death the Korean was calm. To the several questions put to him by the leader he answered with Stoic defiance. In fact his presence of mind enraged the restless men.

Suddenly from behind, a drunkard came up and smashed his bottle on the prisoner's head. The victim uttered a groan, and a few drops of blood fell on the drunkard's clothes, making an indelible stain upon them, but still a deeper stain upon his cruel soul. Oh, horror of horrors! the scene reminded me of the story of Cain and Abel, when the hardened brute cowardly struck a deadly blow at his brother. When the enraged mob saw blood, yes, human blood, then like so many tigers that have tasted blood, they went for the Corean with savage delight. One of the vigilants thrust his bamboo spear thru the prisoner's thighs. Another fellow hit him with an iron bar which bent like wax. The man fell with a thud. But his agony was not yet ended. He was heard to utter a moan; at which the tormenters only laughed. An involuntary shiver came over me. The poor victim's mouth was parched, he clenched and reopened his hands in convulsive fits, as he lay on the lap of Mother Earth. The most horrible scene now met my eyes. One of the mob poked his iron bar against the Korean's cheeks, which made blood trickle down from his mouth. He was an ashen pale, even to his lips. I began to tremble; first hot and then very cold clamy perspiration came oozing out of my brow, while I felt something like icy cold water trickling down my spine. The Korean tried to stand up but failed as he was weakened from the loss of blood. At last his will conquered, he stood up. There was great determination in his eyes, fire blazed in the pupils. He faced the dumbfounded mob and haltingly exclaimed: "I am innocent!" With these words he sank to the ground. His dying life flickered like a candle in a gust of wind. As his frame was still writhing, the leader of the party drew his sword and extinguished the last spark of life.

After that the lifeless corpse was rolled from the road over the impending cliff. I moved slowly away, musing on the excesses of passion, which lowers the lord of creation to the level of a brute.

E. Gomes '25.

THE THREE THINGS.

The Honorable William Archibald Featherstone was a graduate of Oxford University. He was a tall strong young fellow well developed, and from his records in school and university, he was an all-round sportsman and student. His features were well set, with a pair of keen steel blue eyes and a resolute jaw: he was one of the sunniest tempered fellows one could meet and his indifferent but well controlled actions and words created popularity.

After leaving Oxford and having obtained his decree in the study of m d cine he became a country practitioner in a little town in Yorkshire, thus showing his modest ambition.

The young doctor started with a small capital, but soon this was spent as his expenses were greater than his income and the country folks unhappily for him were rather healthy.

Towards the end of the month, bills from the grocer, butcher, laundry, etc. came, and this was the only time he had many envelopes on the little tray on his desk. The consultation room was of medium size with two windows curtained with cheap but neat looking cloth. A tray on a side table held some medical instruments and between the table and the desk was a small well worn carpet; around the bureau were a few chairs of different types, and on the desk, besides the letters, there was a journal and a ledger which he made look old and well worn on purpose as a sign of good business.

He entered his room and looked over the bills in an uninterested way, but amongst them was a letter from London, bearing the name of a lawyer of that city on the left hand corner of the envelope. Curiously he opened the letter and to his surprize found that his uncle, a rich nobleman in Scotland, had died and had left him a part of his fortune which was a considerable sum. Instead of feeling and looking quite satisfied, he calmly folded the letter, put it into its envelope, and stuffed it into his pocket.

A few days later he received another note from the lawyer requesting him to visit him at once in reference to the matter, but it was not till a week later that he fulfilled the demand. On arriving in the big city with which he was quite familiar, he leisurely sought out the lawyer, who gave him the money without much trouble. The fact was published in the papers, so nearly everyone was aware of it.

The young doctor was now a rich man with a title; suddenly he found himself a welcome member of London societies, and a center of attraction for the gentler sex, then he perceived that his business was prospering and this fact set him a thinking; he understood that money, business, and false friends always go together.

C. Remedios. '24.

POEMS

MY MOTHER.

Who is the one that cared for me
When I was only two or three;
Who took me in her arms to rest
And pillowed me against her breast?
—My Mother.

Who is the one, taught me to pray
And all the words that I can say;
Who showed me how to sing and read
Supplied my every want and need?
—My Mother.

Who is the one so lovingly,
That brought me up both bright and free;
Who shared my suff'ring and my joy
As babe; as child; as laughing boy?
—My Mother.

R. Cox '25

NATURE'S BEAUTY.

The verdant hills 'way to the rear
Shone thru the crispy air so clear.
They seemed to look upon the sea
Of waving fields close by the lea.

Scarce fifty yards away the lake,
With all the water-fowls awake;

Their echo'ng voices filled the air
With songs in tune with land so fair.
M. Fachtmann, '25

THE LAKE.

How calm and clear 'tis on the lake,
While on the beach the ripples break.
Some tree-topp'd isles are scattered round;
The shores, in capes and gulfs abound.
L. Cox, '25

THE ROSE.

I love the pretty flower,
That blooms upon the hill,
Beneath a shady bower,
Close by a mossy mill.

All by herself and lonely,
She spends her days in peace.
Until the snow comes gayly
And bids her life to cease.

But when the days get warmer
And buds begin to peep,
My little rose gets sweeter,
And thus for months to keep.
R Cox '25

THE PASSING OF THE YEARS.

When old remembrance rings again,
Recalls the childhood days;
The tho'tless acts, the merry games
And childish winning ways.

The happy years of golden youth,
(Which n'er shall come again)
Are drifting on the stream of life,
'Midst sunshine, storm and rain.

Another year has passed away
A year of smiles and tears...
Thus flies the time of worldly life
The days, the months, the years.
A. d'Aquino. '25

ROSE OF THE VERDANT LEA.

Soft came the beam of the morning light,
Op'ning a bud of the fragrant rose;
Dewdrops, like diamonds pure and bright,
Linger'd upon the beautiful rose;

Played with the breeze like a sportive fawn;
Listened to his tale of the western sea;
Gazed at the light of the golden morn;
Smiled at the flowers of the verdant lea.

Blushed like an angel pure and fair,
Blushed like a coy and innocent maid,
Blushes so sweet and blushes so rare
Loveliest to be found in the shadeless glade.

Rose of the dales and rose of the vales
Blooming upon the verdant lea;
Play with the breeze and play with the gales!
Blooming for ev'ryone, blooming for me.
A. d'Aquino '25

THE STREAMLET.

I

Nearby the cottage on the hill
A little streamlet flows;
From far behind the water mills
To the dark blue sea it goes.

II

It passes 'neath the woodland shades
In quietude supreme,
And winds along the grassy glades
Contented well, I deem.

III

But further down by yonder town
Its ripples shine no more,
For clothéd in a mirky gown
It joins the ocean's roar.
C. Remedios '24

AUTUMN.

Gone are those hot but happy days
Of long and pleasant summer.
Passing are the dismal days
Of cold and dull October.

In the lonely woods and forests,
The golden leaves are falling,
And thru the branches of the trees
The autumn wind is blowing.

The once green fragrant meadows,
Are brown and bare and drear;
The noisy chatters of the birds,
No longer can we hear.

To warmer skies the birdies fly
With lays of grief and sadness.
Farmers gather in the harvest
With songs of joy and gladness.
I. Volkoff '25

EVENING GLOW.

The air lay cooled
By the breath of pines,
And hill tops glowed
With the wealth of mines.

The sky was dyed
With contrasting lines
And fir trees sighed
With the somber pines.

The golden haze
Of the sunbeams bright
Was flamed ablaze
By a flooding light.

The gentle gleam
Of the coming night
Fell like a dream
On the glowing height.
E. Comes .'25

THE ROSE OF THE RIVER LEE.

A rosebush fair, a rosebush sweet
Blooms by the river Lee;
Its branches drooping down to meet
The waters clear and free.

The stream reflects the roses red
Upon her waters clear,
Like 'to a maid who's newly wed
It makes it so appear.

When birds and beasts are gone to bed
And earth's a dark abyss,
The bush bends down its weary head
The peaceful stream to kiss.

When morn reveals the sun rays gay
Its head the bush doth raise
As if ashamed to all display
Its weak and pleasant ways.
E. Jungers '24

FRENCH

COMMENT JE FUS PUNI.

Avant de quitter la Sibérie mon passetemps favori était le patinage. Mes parents le savaient bien et on leur avait dit que les jours où je n'avais pas le temps d'aller au club je mettais mes patins et m'en allais patiner sur la rue qui courait devant notre maison. Connaissant les dangers causés par les voitures qui passaient par là, mon père m'avait défendu de patiner sur les chemins. J'essayais bien de ne pas aller contre ses ordres. Chaque jour j'allais au club même si ce n'etait que pour dix ou quinze minutes. Mais un jour j'étais de mauvaise humeur; j'ai eu une méchante pensée; je désobéis à mon père. Cette fredaine, j'ai dû la payer fort cher. Voici comment.........

C'était une belle matinée de janvier; j'étais à peine sorti pour aller au club où nous devions jouer au hokey quand soudain la voix de ma mère se fit entendre: "Igor, reviens". Je revins et quand je fus arrivé à la porte, ma mère me dit qu'un de mes oncles était arrivé de Moscow et voulait me voir. Contre ma volonté et malgré ma résistance j'étais emmené au parloir; au moment où j'entrais deux fortes mains me

saisirent dans une étreinte d'ours, c'était mon oncle. Dans un instant il s'assit et commença à me demander toutes sortes de questions auxquelles je répondais d'un air très mécontent, parceque tout le temps je pensais que mon oncle était la plus grande scie que j'aie jamais vue. Le jeu avait déjà commencé et moi, assis au parloir sans rien faire, je guettais le moment où je pourrais m'esquiver. Les aiguilles de la pendule paraissaient marcher deux fois plus vite que d'ordinaire. Mon oncle ne cessait de bavarder; je pris une risque et au moment où il faisait quelque remarque à mon père je sortis de la chambre sans être vu de personne. En arrivant à la cuisine j'appris que le dîner serait servi dans une demi heure. Aller au club et revenir prendrait plus de temps que cela. Mécontent parceque je manquais le jeu et pensant que c'était la faute de mon oncle, je mis mes patins et sortis sur le chemin. Je patinais en sifflant une chanson très gaie, mais juste au moment où je voulais rentrer, je fus renversé par une force invisible, puis je reçus un coup terrible sur la tête, après quoi je ne vis plus que des étoiles. Quand je me réveillais, je me trouvais dans une chambre inconnue. Les yeux de ma mère me regardaient d'un air effrayé. Je l'entendais dire: "Merci, Mon Dieu".

D'une voix faible je lui demandais ce qui était arrivé. Elle me dit que pendant que je patinais un méchant cheval m'avait donné un coup de pied sur la tête, et que le jour suivant je serais opéré.

Un mois au lit et plus de trois mois sans jeu, j'étais assez puni sans être envoyé dans une école où je devais être pensionnaire.

I. Volkoff '25.

LA PARESSE.

Qu'est-ce que la paresse? Ce n'est rien que l'aversion pour le trvail. Un homme paresseux est le contraire d'un homme qui travaille, en un mot c'est un homme qui n'aime pas faire d'efforts pénibles. Le paresseux peut être très actif à faire ses volontés, mais il est peu résigné à faire ce qu'il n'aime pas. Par conséquent là où la paresse domine, il n'y a pas de force de volonté; un homme de caractère peut remplir son devoir, même dans les circonstances les plus pénibles.

Maintenant que nous savons le sens général du mot " paresse ", apprenons les mauvais effets qu'elle produit. C'est dans la nature de l'homme qu'il ne peut pas s'empêcher d'avoir du dégoût pour certaines choses qu'il devrait faire. Ceci étant le résultat de la paresse, nous concluons qu'elle est la cause de ce qu'on appelle négligence, car l'homme qui n'a pas de caractère ne se soucie guère de se perfectionner.

Pour donner un exemple, nous prendrons un élève ordinaire. Un élève ne réussit jamais dans toutes les branches qu'il étudie. Qu'est-ce qu'il doit donc faire?—Continuer à faire des progrès dans les branches où il est fort, pour suppléer à celles où il est faible. Sans doute il doit aussi faire des progrès dans les branches faibles. Mais comment accomplir cela? Par le travail ardu et l'exercice continuel. Ici il faut de la volonté. Si l'enfant affronte la situation avec courage et persévérance, il a un avenir brillant devant lui, mais celui qui dit, "Oh, c'est trop fatigant", se réserve une maigre pitance pour l'avenir.

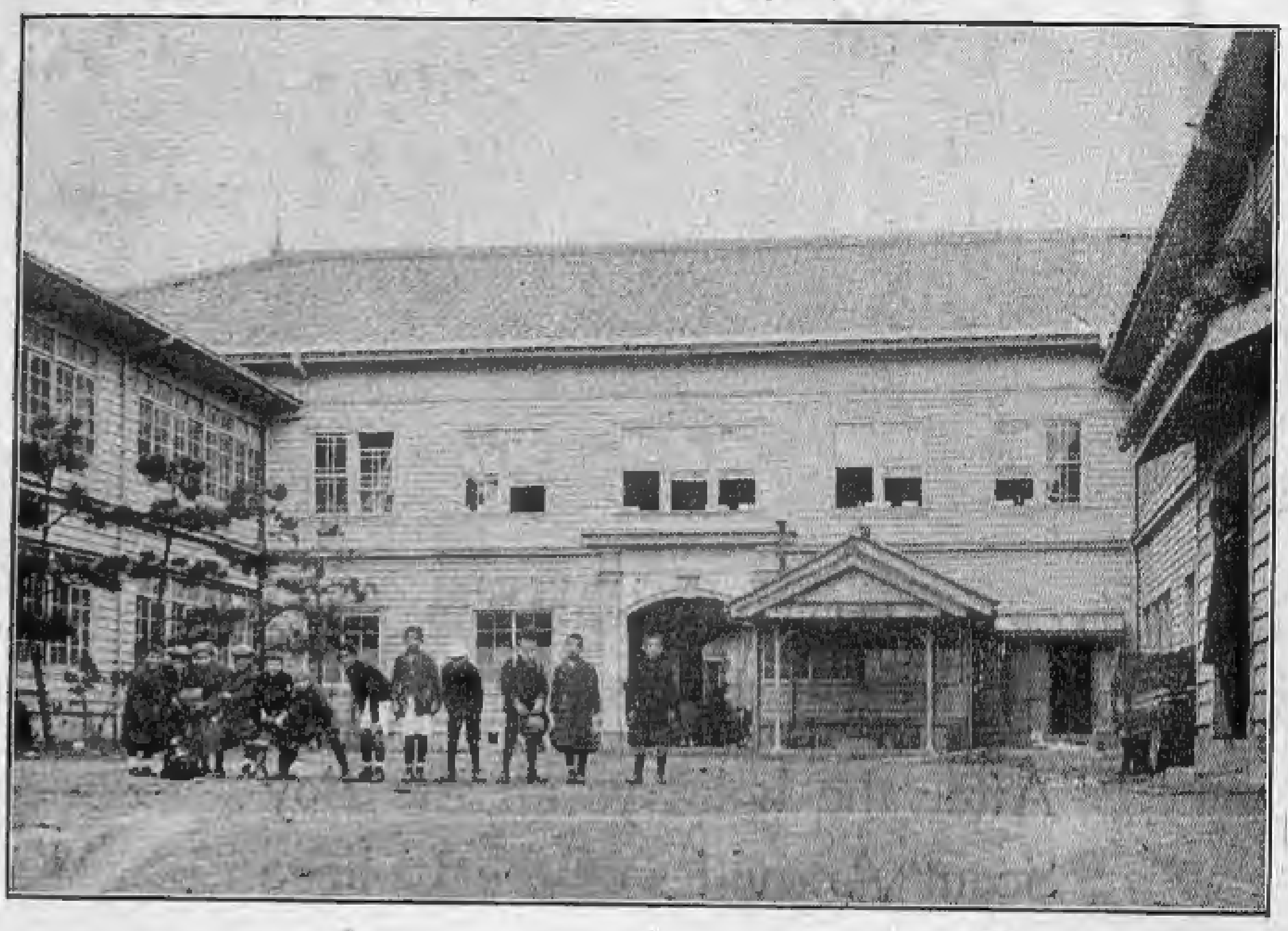
Maxime.—La paresse est la mère de tous les vices.

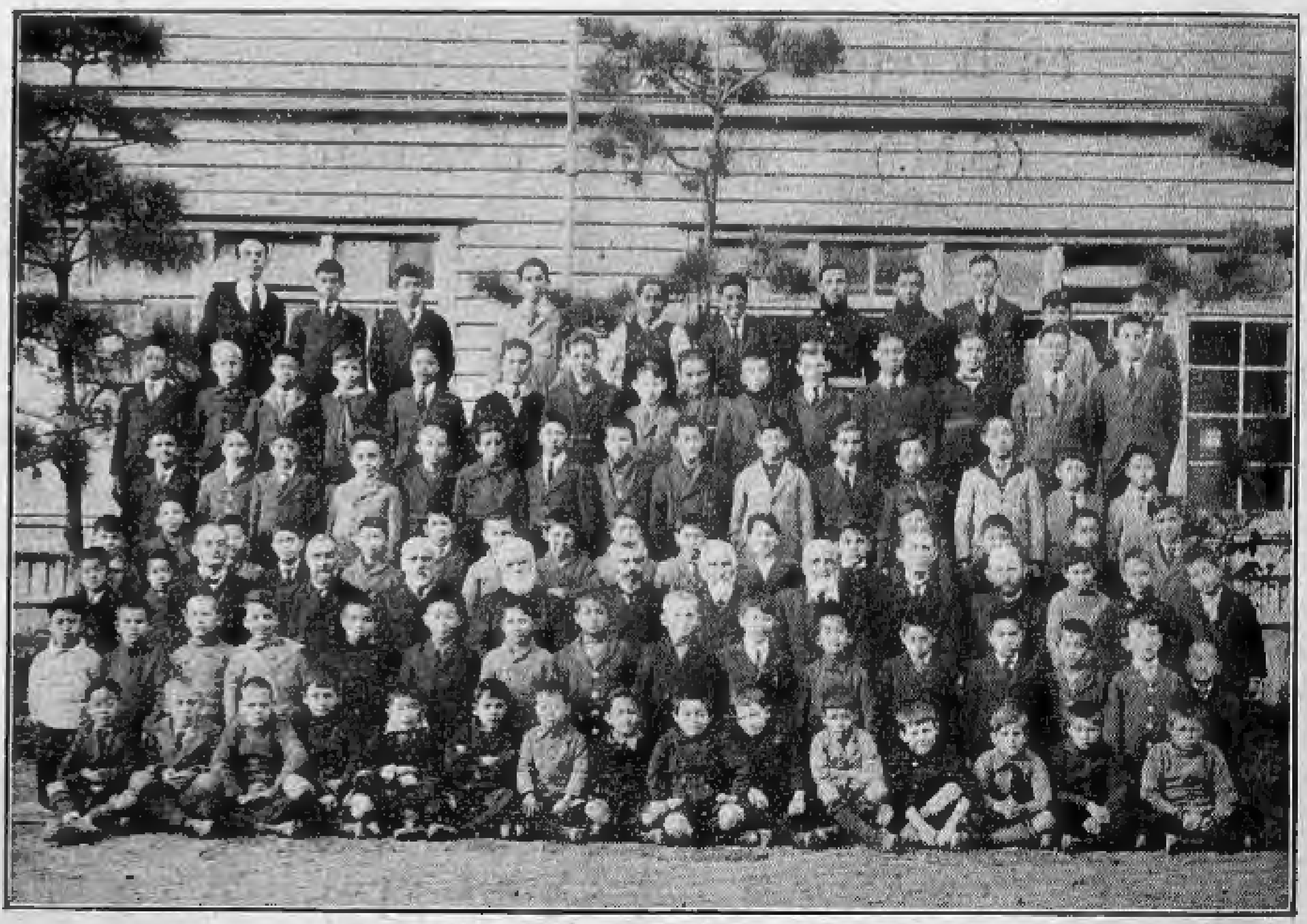
M. Agafuroff '25.

EDITORIAL

The FORWARD is just beaming full of honest pride to show its smiling face to its Friends in Kobe and wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

St. Joseph's College. Sumiyoshi, Kobe.





St. Joseph's College, Teachers and Pupils.

BOY SCOUTS

"BE PREPARED"

After the holidays all the Boy Scout Activities of the College will be resumed and carried on as heretofore.

(S.M.) **Jos. F. Janning**

KOBE! What memories that word brings surging to the mind. Kobe, the city of refuge; the city of hope! The home of true charity, the home of generous, noble spirited citizens! The home of Men, Women and Children who in the hour of calamity were friends indeed, yea, more than friends. These good people of Kobe stood as Father, Mother, Brother and Sister to the distressed refugees of the East.

They gave of all they had; they fed the destitute; they clothed the ragged; they opened their homes to the homeless; they shared our sorrows, yes, they gave themselves to the very utmost of human endeavor, and none could have done more. Even to this day these good people stand as one man ready to give ear and assistance to the needy.

May the good God, who promised a reward to the giver of a cup of water, bless forever the people of Kobe, especially the Earthquake Relief Committee and all those who from distant parts contributed to the Relief of the victims of the recent disaster.

Without the hearty cooperation of the city authorities of Kobe and Mr. Maekawa Mankichi, the Mayor of Sumiyoshi, St. Joseph's College would indeed be leading a precarious existence.

The Faculty of the College wish and do express in every possible way their hearty, grateful thoughts of thanks, for the great service they have rendered the College in allowing us to continue our work in their schoool buildings.

FORWARD

"All good things come in three's." This I have said more than once when meeting with a third lucky stroke of good fortune. I believe that the saw is appropriate to the case in hand, for, in 1888 the St. Joseph's College was founded in Tokyo in connection with the Morning Star School; in 1901 the College was removed to meet the demands of the foreigners then mostly living in Yokohama; and in 1923 we were bounced right into Kobe amid the greatest influx of foreigners that this city ever experienced!

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." True. We don't intend to gather any either, for "FORWARD" is our persistent war cry and we are imbued with its spirit. The little tots of the primary class on thru to the Senior classes have this progressive spirit. Every Old Boy is impelled to strive for higher realms of success in the athletic, educational, commercial and professional world, and this is all due to that indomitable character of "Forward" stamped indelibly in their minds and hearts.

Hence we are here, boys. We have lifted our heads and hearts out of the ruins of the world's greatest catastrophe and that means much. We can never say die. We can never give up the ship though it be tossed furiously about by contending waves of distress. We are set on going forward. Forward amid new surroundings; forward amid such an enlarged circle of friends as the College has here in Kobe, argues well for the solid upbuilding of the Institution to still greater heights of achievement than those which have blazoned the glorious path of Alma Mater in the past.

The past is not dead. Only the ruins are dead. The deeds of the past live on and every pupil to-day and every Old Boy is proud of that replete past. The by-gone days are as spurs to our laboring trudge of the present. In the future the thought of those early days and those of the present will be pleasant memory for white hairs to recall.

For while the present generation of pupils rush on in their respective careers to newly won fields, St. Joseph's College with its Old Boys, Friends and the Parents of our boys will unite into one solid phalanx full of determination; and animated with the one great "FORWARD" spirit will push on doggedly until such a day as will see the realization

of their goal, a greater St. Joseph's College.

United we stood; united we suffered in the common ruin of all Yokohama; but reunited we now "carry on". With such a loyal, united spirit, who of us, even under the present adverse circumstances does not share the common, worthy ambition of seeing fitting school buildings and spacious playgrounds encompass and crown the greatest educational institution of learning for the foreign boys in Japan?

Then let "FORWARD" be on every lip, in every mind, in every heart. Forward in our studies, forward on the campus, forward in the development of our character; so that our whole being be resplendent with this one great inspiration of the Forward movement that has St. Joseph's College in its grasp of friendship.

ALUMNI

IN MEMORIAM

The Faculty and Student Body of St. Joseph's College extend their heartfelt sympathy to the relations of those who perished in the recent earthquake.

George Ivison '25.—He had just gained his success in school this year and was facing the wide world when the late catastrophe extinguished the ambitious flames of youth. He was one of those hard workers liked by all, and we felt very sorry when we heard the sad news. Our sincerest condolence to his inconsolable father.

Tao C. Tung.—Best known as Tong Chin was another victim of the unexpected misfortune. He left S.J.C. to learn his father's trade but alas God's Will was otherwise.

Andrew Van Doorn.—A former scholar of S.J.C. was killed while working in the office.

Harold Walker.—Harold had quit school a short time before and had entered the office to make his way through life. He was found by his desk after the quake but of further details we are ignorant.

Gerald Xavier.—Gerald was a member of the Blessed Virgin Sodality. He was also a member of the S.J.C. Boy Scout organization. He died a heroic death while trying to rescue his little sister from the toppling house.

Moreover we tender our sincerest condolence to Messrs Offause and L. Ribeiro for the sad death of their dear boys, pupils of St. Joseph's College, and victims of the great catastrophe.

John Selles.—Johnny had gone to Spain to complete his studies but was unhappily taken by fever and passed away some time in September. We express our deepest sorrow to his relations.

Jack Agajan.—We hear that Jack our oratorian is quite busy now-a-days. Besides his regular office work he has gone into the writing game and has sent a most pleasing letter to the Seniors of '24.

Gerald Jolles '23.—Gerald left for the States in September to complete his studies at Dayton University. Follow the footsteps of the wise and you'll come out victorious.

Claiborne Van Zandt '25.—Known only as Gab went over to the States where he is attending a private college in Chicago.

Charles Pedersen '22.—Well, Chas, how are you getting along in Dayton? I know you're O.K. in your studies, but what about the American football you were trying to master? Came out 'fine? Hope you did, and wish you the best of lucks.

Vadim Jeltenko '22.—From all that we hear about you, why, we're simply proud to know that you have been a former pupil of S.J.C.

Albert and Theodore Worden '22.—The same old Al and Ted who hate to write letters. Come on both of you, give us some news of your life there at the College.

Philip and Robert Balden.—Phil and Bob have both gone to Canada to start their business in scientific farming. Good luck to you farmers. Hope your future will be bright and prosperous. The other boys have gone to England with their parents.

Harold Mason.—Paid us a flying visit while on his quick trip to Kobe. He got the A.A.A. in speedy order. The details about the A.A.A. will follow.

Richrd Down '21.—Richard is working in Osaka, therefore has to get up early every morning, which he never did formerly and comes back late, like usual, being very busy. He is a votary of hiking and also a member of the K.R. and A.C. football team.

Hans and Ludwig Fachtmann '20-'22.—They are both staying in Tokyo where they work hard from morning till night. For them the earthquakes are like nothing since they are having it "sixty" every day.

Jean Cotte.—Jean had been married soon after the quake and is now living with his wife at Rokko. Heartiest congratulation from us all. Now that you are staying near our College drop in sometimes and show us your smiling face.

Knut Olsen.—Our good old Knut one of the important factors of the A.A.A. left for Norway with his wife and child immediately after the quake.

Albert Gomes.—Albert is living in Suma with his parents and brothers. His favorite hobby is photography which occupies most of his spare time. Come down one Sat. with your camera and take some snaps of the game. "At-a-boy"

Herbert Krupp.—Our old friend, all 'round musician, and member of the S.J.C.A.O. was lately in Japan on a business trip.

Joseph Miller.—He is in San Francisco with the Shell Oil Co. Good luck, Joe. Hope to be able to hear from you soon again.

Walter Curtis.—During his short and busy stay in Kobe he found time to come and see us. Walter related to us the different rumours heard in America and the anxiety of the people who had relations in the Orient. Many thanks for your kind visit.

George Webd.—George has left S.J.C. to join the Dayton High School. Now he is used to the place and having a number of friends feels quite at home. He felt so sorry to leave us at that time; but now I think he feels different after the great change that fell on us.

Daly.—Willie the Fat not wishing to chance his life for the second time has gone to America.

Frederick Shoene.—Fred unable to be satisfied with his small radio set entered a big electrical concern, where he will be able to study the atoms of electricity more minutely!

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The recent disaster has destroyed the city of Yokohama to such an extent that she will not recover from the shock for many years to come. St. Joseph's College has also shared with the rest of the city the bitter calamity; for out of the eleven buildings on the school grounds, ten were totally destroyed while the new school building had its top floor completely burnt out. 'Tis true the entire college was reduced to ashes,

that great institution of learning whose bright future was apparent. Yes, the earthquake has shaken us down to the bottom of the ladder which we commenced to climb 22 years ago. But what about its spirit? It still has the forward spirit which will last till the end of time.

When we started to crowd into Kobe for refuge, Mr. Gaschy with his never failing eagerness and without a sen to back him up, set immediately to work, to reestablish the college so recently destroyed. By a special favor from the Kenchō, we were allowed the temporary use of a night school. So on the 1st. of October, exactly one month after the catastrophe, St. Joseph's College was opened with about 70 boys, almost all being refugees. Unhappily for us, the dingy school house was situated on a car-line and the noise made by it was unbearable. The teachers were obliged to yell themselves hoarse, before they could be understood.

In the meantime our active Director was not idle. By very good luck we were able to get an old school building which had been discarded some time ago by the Sumiyoshi Primary School. After a noisy stay of about two weeks in the night school, we moved out to the more quiet place in Sumiyoshi. Here we have established the St. Joseph's College of Kobe and here we are developing to perfection the school spirit for which our college is renowned.

LOSSES OF OUR SCHOOL

The losses experienced by the school are beyond calculation. We do not intend to brood over them, but still it will be useful to know what St. Joseph's College was at its highest.

To begin with we had an attendance of about 270 boys and we had plenty of room to hold more, as our new building was completed and opened on Commencement Day, July 7th. 1923. The boarding department was a thing in full swing, the library was well supplied with books of reference and story, the Rotunda was well suited for our weekly entertainments, the newly enlarged playground, taking on its first touches—these and all this and many more are gone.

These losses are but material and will in time be replaced, but who of us even with the best of intentions will ever be able to recall the voices of friends who have gone to a better world or have fled to distant shores? This last loss is by far the greatest; six pupils were killed; out of 80 pupils present, eight lost their fathers, four lost their mothers; nine lost some brother or sister. Many lost their property. All lost their homes.

A VISIT TO THE OXYGEN AND ACETYLENE WORKS

On Wednesday the 24th. of October, the Senior and Junior classes were invited to go thru the Oxygen and Acetylene Works. Mr. Bouillon the manager of the plant acted as guide. He explained to us in detail how pure oxygen was taken from the air. He also showed us a number of experiments with liquid nitrogen and oxygen. All the experiments such as the solidification of fruits, flowers, mercury and rubber held our attention, but above all, we were interested most in the one in which a live fish was put into liquid nitrogen at —195. 7° C. and the fish turned immediately to a solid substance, but when it was put again into the water it came back to life. After these experiments Mr. Bouillon took us to the different workshops where they were making various kinds of tools employed in the use of acetylene. He also showed us how the oxy-acetylene blowpipe was used. The Senior and Junior classes extend their cordial thanks to Mr. Bouillon.

OUR NEW LABORATORY

As you all know our fully equipped chemical "Lab" was entirely destroyed in Yokohama. It is now replaced by a neat little set of chemicals and apparatus which we

have been able to acquire by the aid of the Relief Committee thru the influence of Mr. Dickover, the American Consul. Words are inadequate to express our hearty gratitude to all those connected with this act of kindness, for without this gift the present 3rd. and 4th. High would be unable to follow their regular course in chemistry.

A HIKE TO TAKARATSUKA

Wednesday, the 31st. of October, being a holiday, a hike was organized and all the Old Boys who were in town including the older boys of the school were invited to join the group. The destination of the walk was to be the Clifford-Wilkinson Tansan plant in Takaratsuka. As the weather was a very doubtful one the hikers were few in number. The party altho a small one, enjoyed themselves thoroughly. At the plant they were kindly received by the manager who showed them thru the works after which they were invited to tea by Mrs. Price and her boys Clifford and Regi.

THE VISIT OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

On the 16th. of November, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate from Rome honored us with a visit. Accompanied by his grace the Bishop of Osaka and Father Fage of the Kobe Mission, his Excellency inspected the school. In token of his visit we were given a holiday.

A TWO METER TELESCOPE

A celestial telescope of twelve centimeter diameter and two meters in length is on its way from Europe to grace the foundation of the new laboratory of the College. This beautiful instrument was accompanied with the greetings of the donor. The telescope will be "far reaching" in its effects to rebuild the lab.

OUR CANDY-MAN IS ON A HOLIDAY

Burjor Mehta, having made a little fortune by selling candy in the College Cinema(!) has decided to make a little trip to his native land of India where he will take a dip in the "Sacred River". We are waiting impatiently for the day when we will hear again his sweet voice howling "Candies! Candies for sale".

BOARDERS!!!!

The boarding department of S. J. C. has come into existence again. A house has rented a short distance from the school house and already there are six fellows living in it. The day scholars will be sending you a challenge for a game of football as we did in days of yore.

S.J.C. CAFETERIA

St. Joseph's College can now boast of a "Lunch Parlor". It is conducted by Mrs. Ohno who is doing excellent work by feeding the boys at lunch time. You ought to come around and try it.

ABOUT OUR PLAYGROUND

When we first moved out to Sumiyoshi we were very much delighted to find that a little playground was attached to the school. We practised football on it every day until it was taken away from us on account of the work for the new Osaka-Kobe national road now in course of construction. They are now building houses on it and altho it was only a little bit of a thing, we miss it a great deal, but we have strong hopes of something better.

SPORTS

E. JUNGERS '24.

After the good shaking we got in Yoko, on September the 1st and when the old S.J.C. was again solidly established in Kobe, but with ⅔ of its pupils gone, we collected some bats and balls and challenged the teams around us. Three games we played and in all these we were again given a shaking. Some were expected and others not, but these probably were due to the players' imagining the balls to be tiles or some other such flying objects which they were trying to miss. But as winter approached and we started kicking, our abilities were superior to those of our opponents as it always was in Yoko both in studies and in the games, and we were thus set on our feet again.

S.J.C. vs C.A. (First Team)

E. GOMES '25.

St. Joseph's College lost postseason 1st game to Canadian Academy by the score of 8-9. As it was the first match of the College after the earthquake our chances were not considered to be particularly good, but we gave a surprisingly creditable display. The first two innings C.A. filled the bases but the masterly pitching of Jungers held them down. Volkoff then went on the mound and unhappily let in 4 runs. Then Dresser took the box for S.J.C. displaying a fine pitching ability by striking out several heavy C.A. batters. With a startling change of fortune in the fourth inning S.J.C. scored four runs and apparently secured the lead. This game provided one of the most thrilling struggles ever seen on the Kansai Gakuin Grounds. Up to the ninth inning S.J.C. held the lead when C.A. tied the score. At the tenth inning C.A. managed to squeeze in two runs aided by an error. The first two players who faced the C.A. twirler got out but the next man got a free ticket to first base. S. Dresser came home when E. Jungers drove a two bagger over the left field. Jungers stole third. Stean went to bat—two strikes were called on him. A desperate effort was made by Jungers to tie the score, he tried to steal home—slid, but a second too late. The umpire yelled out "You're Out". This settled the fate of the game. S.J.C. lost by one run.

The game was very keenly contested. C. A. owed their victory largely to the fine defensive play of G. Cragg P. and A. Armstrong C. who owing to some weakness in the C.A. defence were called upon to do an immense amount of work.

S.J.C vs C.A. (Second Team)

Unfortunately that same afternoon S.J.C. Eleven Team also lost to the C.A. Eleven Team by the score of twelve to sixteen.

S.J.C. vs MEISEI.

The Second Game Goes to Meisei, by the Score 12-6.

S.J.C. played its second game against the Meisei Commercial School on November 5th. The Meisei team is ranked as one of the best Middle School teams in Japan. It may be at once conceded that S.J.C. as a team could show but little fighting chance against their formidable opponents. The superiority of Meisei was proven at the beginning of the third inning when they scored 2 runs. The Japanese nine continued to take the lead till the end of the game. S.J.C. went down fighting bravely against great odds. Apart from the question of the game S.J.C. learned a great deal after playing against Meisei and we are grateful for the game.

S.J.C. NINE.

C . . . . S. Dresser.
P . . . . E. Jungers . . . Capt.
1B . . . M. Agafuroff.
2B . . . F. Harriss.

3B . . . A. Dresser.
S.S. . . E. Gomes. Asst. Capt.
L.F. . . I. Volkoff.
C.F. . H. Stean.
R.F. . L. Cox & S. Kawazoe.

S.J.C. Eleven I TEAM.

Center Forward . . S. Kawazoe.
Inside Left . . . . . . E. Gomes.
Inside Right . . . . . M. Guterres.
Left Wing . . . . . . L. Cox.
Right Wing. . . . . S. Dresser. Asst. Capt.
Center Half. . . . . E. Jungers. Capt.
Left Half . . . . A. Dresser.
Right Half. . . . . . H. Stean.
Full Back. . . . . . . I. Volkoff.
Full Back. . . . . . . H. Schirmer.
Goal. . . . . M. Agafuroff.

FOOTBALL GAMES PLAYED AND THEIR DETAILS

The first game was played at Mikage on the Kohnan grounds; S.J.C. vs Kohnan, the score being 2 to 1 in favor of our opponents. The Kohnan boys as well as the S.J.C. players were soon exhausted, since it was the first game of the season. Our point was scored by M. Guterres who shot the ball into the corner of the goal out of reach of the goalkeeper.

The second game was played on the Shinshu grounds S.J.C. vs Shinshu. The score turned out 2 to 1 in our favor, this time. Both teams on a whole played a clean game; although towards the end our opponents seeing the chance of tying the score getting dimmer, became desperate and tried to bump whenever they could, but in this they did not succeed, owing to the speed of our players.

The third and the most important game was played on the Kosho grounds; S J C. vs C.A. The score being 2 to 0 in our favor. The C.A. boys were confident of the game and so were we, but this confidence of ours was tested to have stood on firmer ground than theirs, since we won such an easy victory over them. The ball for the greater part of the game remained in their territory occasionally coming to our side only to be sent home quickly by the backs.

The 4th game was played on the Kohnan grounds, S.J.C. vs Kohnan. This time the score turned out 1 to 0 in our favor, thus making the games 1 to 1 between these two teams.

The opening of the game was like a whirlwind on the part of the brave Kohnan team. This speed gradually gave way to more steadiness on their part and then the S.J.C. handled the ball for the rest of the game. The two wing men of the Kohnan kept up a speedy game throughout and when the ball got into their power, it was carried up the field without a stop.

We hope to meet them the next term with reenforcements from the boarding department which has just been opened.

S.J.C. II TEAM.

Center Forward. . R. Cox. Asst. Capt.
Inside Left. . . . . . F. Clarke.
Inside Right . . . . J. Burke.
Left Wing . . . . . . F. Harriss.
Right Wing. . . . . F. Schirmer.
Center Half . . . . . C. Remedios.
Left Half. . . . . . . J. Down.
Right Half. . . A. d'Aquino & E. McGlew.
Full Back . . . . . . G. Clem.
Full Back . . . . . . M. Fachtmann.
Goal. . . . . I. Agafuroff. Capt.

S.J.C. II vs Canadian Academy II.

The first game of S.J.C. II resulted in a draw against C.A. The lone goal being made by F. Harriss for S.J.C. The score was 1-1.

S.J.C. II vs Kohnan II.

The second game of the season was played on their home grounds. The score stood 2-1 in Kohnan's favor. The team may be excused for losing the match, for several

first team players of Kohnan were playing for the II.

S.J.C. II vs Kohnan II.

The third game against Kohnan resulted in favor of our team by the score of 3-1. F. Harriss, F. Schirmer and F. Clarke scoring.

S.J.C. II vs C.A. II.

The fourth game, S.J.C. ran away with the victory, the score being 3-0. R. Cox, F. Harriss and F. Clarke shot in the goals.

S.J.C. II vs Kohnan II.

The fifth game we played was a farce. S.J.C. outwitted their opponents in every way. R. Cox in the second half shot a perfect goal but soon was followed by another, dribbled up by Schirmer. Again by a brilliant play Schirmer netted the ball, and the fourth goal was made by R. Cox. The game ended with a score of 4-0 in our favor.

We congratulate the Second Team for their fine playing and for their glorious record.

E. Gomes' 25.

JOKES

FUNNIEST FUN

R. COX '25

The teacher after having divided the pupils into different groups according to their notes, asked the first:

"What are you?"

"Twoes" was the drawling reply.

The same question was asked the second, "Ones" came the chorus; and when the question was applied to the third, a boy in his excitement cried out:

"We are nones (nuns)."

Mother (excitedly):—"Where did all the cakes I baked go to?"

Charles:—"Oh, mother, I gave them to a hungry boy."

Mother (smiling):—"That's nice, Charlie, and who was the hungry boy."

Charles:—"It was I, mother."

Boss:—"I say, boy, have you seen my fountain pen anywhere? I can't go home without it."

Boy:—"Why sir, it's behind your right ear."

Boss:—"So it is, and if you hadn't told me I would have gone home without it."

A man flushed with anger stood before the watch dealer.

"What do you mean, sir, by giving me such a thing which is always late."

Shopman:—"Why sir, the other day you insisted on having the latest kind."

Jack:—"Are you cool when in danger?"

Harry:—"Yes, I'm so cool my teeth chatter."

Teacher to new boy:—"Did you, master Thomas, study the Latin tongue when you where attending the Grammar School?"

New Boy:—No sir, but what they taught was Greek to me."

Mother after an inspection, to see if her boy was clean:—

"My! Jack, your face is clean, but why are the hands so dirty?"

Jack:—"Oh that's because I've been washing the dirt off my face with my hands."

An absent minded gentleman, coming home from a visit, and addressing his cook:—

Is the master at home?

THE ALUMNI ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

BY THE SECRETARY

Just about half a year ago the A.A.A. was organized. To be exact, a few of us met on the 11th April with the aim of forming a club to promote an active interest in athletics among the "Old Boys" of St. Joseph's College.

The need for such a club was proved by the enthusiasm which enabled us to carry through an athletic meet with the Second Team of Keio University on the 19th May whom we were able to defeat by the ample margin of 14 points, the score being 38-24, thanks to the excellent performances of Messrs. K. Olsen and Hans Fachtmann, who scored 9 pts. each.

During the summer months several swimming meets were held, most important among which was that against the K.R.A.C. on the 18th Aug. at Kobe, when, although the score was a tie, 37-37, the victory came to us as we secured six first places to Kobe's three. It might be mentioned here that the water-polo match was a farce, Kobe scoring 10 goals while we were unable to make a single point!

Our next important meet was that with the Keio University Swimming Team whom we defeated by the small margin of 1 point, the score being 17-16. Keio's Relay Team of Imamura, Asano, Sakai and Nomura, however, proved too fast for the Laffin, Mason, Arab and Olsen combination; the latter were beaten by a foot or so, although Olsen was rapidly reducing this lead.

Two minor meets were also held at Hayama where our members were the guests of the Keio Swimming Club, in both of which our Relay Team came out victors.

Two meets were also held at Yokohama among the members of the club; both were well contested, in the Pentathlon only half a point separating the first three men.

Tennis Tournaments were held with the U.S. Naval Hospital in which our team were easy victors.

From the above it will be seen that the A.A.A. have yet not been defeated although they have met the strongest foreign swimming team in Japan, as well as one of the leading universities. This statement sounds egotistical and may induce one to "knock on wood", but it is surely a record we can justly be proud of and one worthy of our best endeavours to uphold. It must be mentioned here that the success of our swimming meets is solely due to the very strong combination formed by Knut Olsen, the Norwegian Sprint Champion and holder of the Far Eastern 50 Meter Record, and William Laffin, the Yokohama Champion and crack quarter-mile swimmer.

Our meet against Keio is specially memorable as it was held in Yokohama Harbour, twenty-four hours before the terrible disaster which took from our ranks George Ivison and Harold Walker and sent more than half the remaining members abroad. We deeply feel the loss of these two comrades and in memory to them it behooves us to "carry on", to the best of our ability, the club they have helped to organize. George Ivison, our most promising athlete, not only held the S.J.C. 1-Mile Record but starred in swimming and other lines of sport as well. He was indeed our greatest treasure. Harold Walker, although not shining in athletics, was always on the spot with a ready hand, ever willing to do more than his share of the work.

We, the Committee and Members of the Alumni Athletic Ass'n., wish to express our deepest sympathy and condolences to those whom George Ivison and Harold Walker have left behind.

Although the disaster has entirely disrupted our organization, sending our members to

all the four corners of the world, those that remain here still have the A.A.A. and its success in mind and it will only be a matter of a few months before the A.A.A. will again resume activities. Mr. T. Kawazoe, who has kindly presented trophies for our past meets, has promised to do so in the future and the club's sincere thanks are due to him for his kind endeavours to promote our activities. Mr. D.T. Weed, our Hon. Vice-President, who has just returned from a trip through the States, is prepared to help us with the new ideas he obtained while in America. The Faculty and Director of S. J.C. are also strong in their desire to see us pull through this crisis and come out stronger than ever before. With such support as is evidenced on all our sides, we shall surely overcome any obstacle that may confront our efforts to reorganize and come through with flying colours.

It was resolved at a post-earthquake committee meeting to maintain Kobe and Yokohama-Tokio Branches and endeavours will be made to arrange Inter-Club Contests. The members of the Yoko-Tokio Branch are not holding off activities until the warmer weather, but will turn out in full force at Goshiki where they will make their first attempt at skiing and they hope the Kobe Alumni will not be slow in taking up this line of sport.

All "Old Boys" of the S.J.C. interested are requested to approach the headquarters of this magazine FORWARD, for information, or the Secretary, Harold Mason, ℅ Takata & Co., Tokio.

This article asked for at the last moment was written in great hurry while burning the midnight oil. It shows both the good will of the author and his extraordinary capacity as a writer.—Our best thanks and congratulations.
